

I.D, by Eddie Robson

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[Part One]

(Robotic stomping stops.)

FEDERER: Progress.

SCANDROID: 233 new files located.

FEDERER: Link up. Let's see them. Ow!

SCANDROID: Your dataport fully functional.

FEDERER: I thought so.

SCANDROID: The manufacturer of this hardware recommends that you lay your hand palm upwards when connecting.

FEDERER: Yes, I do know. Now shut up and get on with it.

(Beeping.)

FEDERER: Hi, this is Federer. Who's there?

LAKE [OC]: (a woman) It's Lake. How are you getting on?

FEDERER: Really badly. There's nothing in this quarter.

LAKE [OC]: Nothing?

FEDERER: Nothing useful. Books, chat room archive, pictures of dogs dressed in bee costumes, bad poetry. Nothing secure. I'm just downloading it... ow!

SCANDROID: Exchange complete.

FEDERER: Delete and keep looking. Ow, that stings.

LAKE [OC]: You all right?

(The Scandroid stomps off.)

FEDERER: I'm getting a stinging sensation in the skin around my dataport every time a Scandroid links into it.

LAKE [OC]: You shouldn't have installed it on the inside of your wrist. It's too close to the nerves. I had mine moved to just below my elbow, and never had any trouble since.

FEDERER: Well, I'm coming back in a couple of minutes. Book me in with a cybertech and I'll see about doing that.

LAKE [OC]: Give it another half hour, Fed. Marriott really seems to think there's something in your sector.

FEDERER: Oh, I've been out here all day. What does he think I...

SCANDROID: This is priority information.

FEDERER: Oh. Oh, it looks like we've got something. I'll call you back.

SCANDROID: Prepare to receive priority information.

FEDERER: Yeah, gimme... hey! Ow! No, stop it. Hey. (and other cries of discomfort, until thud.)

SCANDROID: (unintelligible under Federer's cries until-) Information has not been delivered. Priority information. Priority information.

GABE: Mum, that portmanteau case we found had an ID backup chip sewn in the lining.

DENISE: Oh yeah? Give it here. Gabe, this is a fake.

GABE: I know, but it looks a pretty good fake. We might be able to sell it on.

DENISE: I'm not risking selling a fake to a good contact.

GABE: Don't sell it to one of the usual contacts. Sell it anonymous, cheap. Better than wasting it.

DENISE: You know that's not how I like to work, Gabe.

GABE: We need to see something, Mum. Maybe we should shift to another sector before this one gets mined out.

DENISE: The Clinic won't be here forever. We'll ride it out, and we won't compromise our principles just because of them.

GABE: You've got principles?

DENISE: Don't be funny. Just because we don't always stick to them doesn't mean they're not worth having.

GABE: You just like thinking you're better than them.

DENISE: Of course I do, because I am, and so are you.

GABE: Shh.

(Faint sound of the Tardis materialising.)

DENISE: What's that?

(Door opens.)

DENISE: Is it coming from that thing?

GABE: Yeah. I... There's somebody in it.

DOCTOR: (distant) Hello! I'm the Doctor. I wonder if... oh, oh, oh. Ow! (and other cries of pain.)

GABE: Is he... dead?

DENISE: I don't think so. Let's get down there, see if he's got anything.

GABE: Here, he said he was a doctor. Maybe he's with the Clinic?

DENISE: Yeah. You bring him up. I'll hail the Clinic and see if we can get any cash out of them.

GABE: You're gonna hold him to ransom?

DENISE: Course I am. That's your problem, Gabe. No eye for an angle. Your father was the same. Now get down there and bring him up. And try and keep him in one piece.

LAKE: Fed? Are you there?

CLAUDIA: How long since you were last in contact, Lake?

LAKE: Twenty minutes, maybe? He couldn't have got out of range.

MARRIOTT: No, of course not. Just watch. He'll come back insisting his comm went dead. In the meantime, he's slacking.

LAKE: I don't think so, Doctor Marriott. The last time we spoke, his Scandroid had just found something. What if pirates have 'napped him? Look, I really think

MARRIOTT: I don't care what you think, Lake. I can read a personality, and I knew they'd dumped a slacker on me the second I saw that boy. This doesn't look good.

CLAUDIA: Doesn't look good to who, exactly?

MARRIOTT: Tevez is arriving this afternoon.

CLAUDIA: They're sending a company accountant? Why didn't I hear about this?

MARRIOTT: You probably weren't listening, Bridge. And she's *the* company accountant these days.

CLAUDIA: What happened to Nardini?

MARRIOTT: Disappeared, along with about 6 million Q. Tevez is in charge now, and I don't want anyone looking like they're wasting this project's time and money.

LAKE: New voice message, Doctor Marriott.

DENISE [OC]: We're holding one of your people. If you want him back, I've attached a map showing where to meet us. There's a price, but I reckon you can afford it.

LAKE: Told you.

MARRIOTT: Tevez won't be impressed if we're throwing away money on a replaceable resource like Federer. Where's the rendezvous?

LAKE: A derelict shack about two clicks north-east.

MARRIOTT: I'm assigning this one to you, Bridge. You've got a ransom budget of 5000.

CLAUDIA: They'll want more than that.

MARRIOTT: Well, I'm not giving you more than that. If he can't look after himself out there, that's his problem. If they won't deal, then just come back. He isn't worth it.

CLAUDIA: Okay.

MARRIOTT: Oh, but try to find out what happened to his Scandroid. If there was anything on there, I want to see it. And try to get back here before Tevez

LAKE: She's coming in to land now, Doctor Marriott.

MARRIOTT: (sigh) Signal to her that I'll be there asap. Just try to leave without her seeing you.

(The Doctor wakes up.)

DENISE: Have you scanned him yet, Gabe?

GABE: The imprinter won't read him. I'm just getting a blank.

DENISE: Let me try.

GABE: See?

DENISE: Weird.

DOCTOR: Excuse me, madam. What are you doing?

DENISE: Be quiet and stay still.

DOCTOR: I've twisted my ankle. I'm just checking it's not broken. Oof! Oh, ticklish, in an unpleasant way. That's a device for taking an imprint of the human brain, I assume.

DENISE: Be quiet.

DOCTOR: Well, if you insist, but I can save you time by telling you it won't work on me.

DENISE: Got an application in your skull to block it, have you?

GABE: Hey, we could use that.

DENISE: Tell us how it works and how to get it out, and we might let you live.

DOCTOR: Well, I think we can do without the threats. No, it's not an application or a trick. My brain's just... different.

DENISE: Really. My son here's got a cross-wired brain too.

GABE: Don't tell people that.

DOCTOR: What do you mean, cross-wired?

DENISE: He's analogic. His brain can't process digital.

DOCTOR: Digital? What, you mean direct digital input into the brain? Organic digital transfer?

DENISE: What else? Even the boy isn't as hard of thinking as you.
GABE: Mum.
DOCTOR: Hmm. Even humanity didn't develop a form of pure digital information that the brain could absorb until... well, this must be the 32nd century.
GABE: I'm not sure he is with the Clinic.
DENISE: You never know, they might need the odd moron for experiments and so on.
DOCTOR: Madam, I am not a moron. Now who are you people?
GABE: I'm Gabe Stillinger.
DOCTOR: And this is your mother.
DENISE: Denise.
GABE: So what do we do with him?
DENISE: The Clinic signalled they were coming to meet us, so they must have someone missing.
GABE: I found some gadgets in his pockets.
DOCTOR: Oh, give those back.
DENISE: Oh, nice.
DOCTOR: You have no hope of understanding how to operate them.
DENISE: We don't need to understand them to sell them, any more than we need to understand you to sell you.
DOCTOR: What?
DENISE: Tie him up. We should set off for the rendezvous
DOCTOR: Oh.

MARRIOTT: Mz Tevez. I hope you haven't been waiting long.
TEVEZ: Nine minutes.
MARRIOTT: Is that long, in your opinion?
TEVAZ: I put it to good use. Can we walk and talk?
MARRIOTT: Certainly. I understand you've never been to the Valley before.
TEVEZ: Never had reason to. I haven't had the time to research it either, so fill me in. How much material is there in the Valley?
MARRIOTT: This is only an estimate, but the Valley is twelve clicks from one extreme to the other, and it's reckoned there are maybe four billion data storage devices here.
TEVEZ: Four billion?
MARRIOTT: With another sixty thousand items being dumped daily.
TEVEZ: What sort of material?
MARRIOTT: It ranges from the kind of chip you'd find in a refrigerator or a pet collar through to corporate hub systems. About eighty percent of it's broken or stripped, but that still leaves a massive amount of recoverable data.
TEVEZ: What's the legal status?
MARRIOTT: It's a policing nightmare, so it's ideal, really. It was supposed to be part of a recycling programme that fell through decades ago. The authorities tried to keep quiet about it. You saw the floating homes on your way in?
TEVEZ: Yes?
MARRIOTT: Data pirates. They hold private sector recycling licences, and most of them trade the odd bit of junk for appearances' sake, but it's all about the data really.
TEVEZ: That's got to make working here a little dangerous.
MARRIOTT: Oh, a little, yes.

CLAUDIA: Hello? It's Claudia Bridge from the Clinic? You said you'd found one of our people.
DENISE: Shall we talk money?
CLAUDIA: Where is he?
DENISE: In the next room.
CLAUDIA: Let me see him first. How do I know he's really here?
DENISE: Gabe, bring him out.
GABE [OC]: Is she armed?
CLAUDIA: I am, yes.
GABE [OC]: Have you got her covered, Mum?
DENISE: Of course.
DOCTOR: Oof! (thud) Ah, hello.
CLAUDIA: I'm sorry, what is this?
DENISE: Eight thousand if you want him back.
CLAUDIA: Who told you he was one of ours? Did he?
DOCTOR: I've never claimed to be anything I'm not.
GABE: No, but

DENISE: He's not one of us. He must be with you.
CLAUDIA: He's not.
DENISE: You might be bluffing, hoping we'll let him go anyway.
CLAUDIA: I'm not hoping anything. I've no idea who he is.
GABE: So why'd you come out here?
CLAUDIA: One of ours is missing, but this isn't him.
DOCTOR: Really. Then perhaps
DENISE: Shut up. If you don't start talking money then we'll kill him.
DOCTOR: Ah.
CLAUDIA: Go ahead. It's more than my job's worth to pay you for him. Actually, what am I still doing here?
DENISE: We're not messing about. We *will* kill him.
CLAUDIA: (distant) Please, don't waste our time again.
DENISE: Last chance!
(Energy weapon.)
DOCTOR: You appear to have missed.
DENISE: Well, it would have been pointless if I'd killed you and she'd come running back wailing, 'stop, stop don't kill him, I'll pay up'.
GABE: It's pointless anyway.
DENISE: Worth a try. Anyway, we've got the stuff in his pockets.
DOCTOR: Er, what about me?
DENISE: What about you? (walks away)
DOCTOR: Oh. Oh, well, I'll see myself out, then, shall I?

LAKE [OC]: So who was he?
CLAUDIA: No idea. Just a wandering nutter. I'm going to have a scout around while I'm here, see if I can find Federer.
LAKE [OC]: I'll let you know if he checks in.
CLAUDIA: Okay. So, they didn't kill you.
DOCTOR: Apparently not. I'm surprised you care enough to ask. Who are you?
CLAUDIA: Claudia Bridge.
DOCTOR: Charmed to meet you. I'm the Doctor.
CLAUDIA: No hard feelings, but I wasn't lying. I could never have cleared the funds to bring in a non-staff member.
DOCTOR: You'd have stood by and let another person die because you couldn't clear the funds?
CLAUDIA: What else could I have done?
DOCTOR: Oh, helped me, perhaps? Did the moral centre of the universe shift whilst I was unconscious? Where am I, anyway? Looks like an enormous junk yard.
CLAUDIA: Obsolescence Valley, where old computers come to die.
DOCTOR: So it is an enormous junk yard. How appallingly wasteful.
CLAUDIA: If you don't know that, how did you get here?
DOCTOR: Oh, I arrived in my ship. It's just over... (effort) Oh, where's it gone?
CLAUDIA: Stolen, probably. The pirates here will take anything.
DOCTOR: Oh.
CLAUDIA: Sorry.
DOCTOR: Oh, whoops. Er, the er hover-platform. Is that your transports?
CLAUDIA: Hover-platform? You talk like someone from the Republican Era. Yes, this is my glider.
DOCTOR: Ah. Would you like some help looking for your friend?
CLAUDIA: Not friend, colleague. And how can you possibly help? Thirty seconds ago you didn't even know where you were.
DOCTOR: Answer me this. What's happened to him?
CLAUDIA: I don't know.
DOCTOR: An unexplained disappearance, then.
CLAUDIA: I wouldn't say
DOCTOR: Explain it, then.
CLAUDIA: What's your point?
DOCTOR: The unexplained is my speciality.
CLAUDIA: You just want to tag along to find this ship of yours.
DOCTOR: Yes. But I want to help as well.
CLAUDIA: Well, all right. Just don't annoy me.
DOCTOR: Oh, I'm sure I can manage that.
CLAUDIA: Don't be too confident. I'm very easily annoyed.

MAN: Stop! Stop! What have you got? Ah!

SCANDROID 2: What are you doing?
SCANDROID: I have priority information. These pirates were attempting to hijack it.
SCANDROID 2: Do you need assistance?
SCANDROID: No. But I must share data with you.
SCANDROID 2: Contact. Share data. Priority information.
SCANDROID: I am returning to the Clinic to deliver this information.
SCANDROID 2: I will deliver the information to my operator.
SCANDROIDS: (stomping away) Priority information.

DOCTOR: This is a bracing way to travel.
CLAUDIA: It's supposed to have a wind resistance filter, but it doesn't seem to work.
DOCTOR: Oh, I don't mind.
CLAUDIA: You will after you swallow your first insect.
DOCTOR: (laughs) They said you were here with a clinic. Are you a medic?
CLAUDIA: No, I'm a researcher and a Scandroid technician. We're out looking for materials.
DOCTOR: What clinic gets materials from a place like this?
CLAUDIA: We specialise in personality surgery.
DOCTOR: Personality sur... You mean artificially altering people's personalities to order?
CLAUDIA: Mmm hmm. You must have heard of that, surely.
DOCTOR: Oh, I've a very good grounding in the principles. But hold on. You get your materials from here? You're using *real* people's personal details?
CLAUDIA: Yes.
DOCTOR: People leave that sort of thing lying around?
CLAUDIA: People are careless. Say they leave a backup brain print on their home system in case they have an accident, then say they buy a new system and don't delete everything off the old one before chucking it. We find it and use it.
DOCTOR: So you're letting people impersonate other people? Letting your clients steal other people's identities?
CLAUDIA: That's not all we do. A lot of our business is purely aesthetic.
DOCTOR: Aesthetic?
CLAUDIA: Most clients just want to change an aspect of themselves they're dissatisfied with, but for the right price we will give somebody another person's full personality.
DOCTOR: That's never been legal.
CLAUDIA: No? Sorry, it sounds as if you object.
DOCTOR: I most certainly do. It's immoral. It's criminal.
CLAUDIA: We stay just the right side of legal. We also look for redundant material where the legal status isn't an issue. It provides inspiration for a lot of the aesthetic work.
DOCTOR: Ha.
CLAUDIA: No, really. A lot of people come to us looking for a more... retro aspect to their personality. People who rail against it just don't understand it.
DOCTOR: I understand it only too well. Probably better than you do. Oh, I'd forgotten what a decadent age this is.
CLAUDIA: Then you must have a terrible memory. Everybody who can afford it has work done.
DOCTOR: Have you?
CLAUDIA: Only a little. I got it when I started at the Clinic.
DOCTOR: And you regret it?
CLAUDIA: If I did, I'd ask for my money back. It's designed to stop me regretting things. Keeps my conscience in check.
DOCTOR: Oh, look down there. That's my ship.
CLAUDIA: The blue thing?
DOCTOR: Yes, the blue thing.
CLAUDIA: I'll take us down.

MARRIOTT: Did you want lactose and saccharin, Mz Tevez?
TEVEZ: Just black, thank you. You've clearly been working hard out here, Marriott.
MARRIOTT: Thank you.
TEVEZ: But it's not enough to balance the cost. The risk factor has pushed up the budget twenty two percent. There are more efficient ways of achieving comparable results.
MARRIOTT: But we're within profit margins.
TEVEZ: Barely. And it doesn't address the fact we could make bigger profits by more conventional means.
MARRIOTT: You haven't taken into account what this project could produce in the future.
TEVEZ: I don't see anything that justifies the expenditure.
MARRIOTT: That's because I haven't told you the real reason for coming here.

TEVEZ: And that is?

MARRIOTT: I don't suppose you'd take it on trust that it's a good reason?

TEVEZ: He said it was a good idea and I believed him. It won't play well on my report. You're a talented surgeon, Marriott. People are asking why you're spending so much here, and so little operating back at your branch.

MARRIOTT: All right, then. I'll tell you.

(Glider lands.)

CLAUDIA: Is this really a vehicle?

DOCTOR: Yes.

CLAUDIA: Looks like these guys here were trying to cart it away.

DOCTOR: Yes. No pulse. He's dead. Been pretty badly beaten as well.

CLAUDIA: Urgh, looks like the other one's dead too. Probably got attacked by raiders.

DOCTOR: So why didn't they take anything? The Tardis is still here and look, their bags are loaded. There's plenty to steal.

CLAUDIA: Well, since we've found your ship, you can get on your way, can't you?

DOCTOR: Hmm? No, not yet. I promised to help you find your colleague.

CLAUDIA: You really don't have to. What is that?

DOCTOR: A telescope.

CLAUDIA: Looks like an antique. Careful you don't let it out of your

DOCTOR: Ah ha.

CLAUDIA: What?

DOCTOR: I think I see something. About half a kilometre away. Come on.

CLAUDIA: Hang on. Let's take the glider.

DOCTOR: Nonsense, Claudia. No harm in a little exercise. Come on, don't shilly-shally. Keep up.

TEVEZ: Zachary Kindell?

MARRIOTT: I know what you're going to say.

TEVEZ: That he was a volatile, immoral egotist?

MARRIOTT: Actually, I didn't think you'd phrase it exactly like that.

TEVEZ: But I'm not wrong, am I?

MARRIOTT: No, but I think we could still learn a lot by finding his research. Maybe now the world would be ready, rather than trying to hammer the genie back into the bottle.

TEVEZ: There's no evidence of any significant advances he made that we don't already know about.

MARRIOTT: A man like that doesn't just stop having ideas.

TEVEZ: He might, if he tinkered with his brain one too many times.

MARRIOTT: He'd have made backup copies of his mind, though, surely. I mean, we could even bring *him* back.

TEVEZ: You think he's here?

MARRIOTT: It's possible, but I don't think so. But I do think some of his projects are. It isn't guesswork. I've been trying to trace this material for years. Let me show you.

CLAUDIA: Doctor, slow down.

DOCTOR: Hmm? Barely going at a canter. You must be out of shape. Ah. Is this him, Claudia?

CLAUDIA: Yep, that's Fed.

DOCTOR: I'm afraid he's dead. Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't intend that to rhyme. It's hardly an appropriate time. Oh, good grief, I've done it again.

CLAUDIA: What's happened to him?

DOCTOR: I don't know.

CLAUDIA: I thought you said you were a doctor.

DOCTOR: There's not a mark on him. No evidence of heart failure.

CLAUDIA: Let's just get him back to the glider. One of the medics at the ship will know. That's odd.

DOCTOR: I know. I really can't

CLAUDIA: I mean it's odd that his Scandroid isn't here.

DOCTOR: Scandroid?

CLAUDIA: We use them to dig through all the tech and scan the storage units for material. But if its operator dies, it's meant to signal the ship and wait with the body.

DOCTOR: Well, it hasn't. Is there any circumstance under which it wouldn't do that? And if there was, what would it do instead?

PIRATE: Junk, junk, out of date.

(A Scandroid stomps up.)

PIRATE: Hello, what are you up to?

SCANDROID: Criminal grade, data pirate. You are not authorised for interaction. Do not impede me.

PIRATE: Ah, wait a second.

SCANDROID: If you continue to impede me, I will be forced to use violence.

PIRATE: Well, then I'll be forced to use this.

(Energy weapon.)

SCANDROID: That dis-disabling device is illegal. The Lonway Clinic will be displeased by your actions.

PIRATE: Oh, you're the Clinic, are you? Well, let's see what you've got.

SCANDROID: You are not authorised... to access my data.

PIRATE: Will be in a second. Just tweaking your protocols, mate. Hang on a bit. Now, how'd you feel about handing that stuff over?

SCANDROID: Prepare to receive priority information.

PIRATE: That sounds good. Let's see it, then. Ah! Oh! Ow! Disengage! Disen... argh. (thud)

SCANDROID: Information has not been delivered. (receding)Priority information.

TEVEZ: Hmm. It's more interesting than I expected.

MARRIOTT: So you'll recommend it?

TEVEZ: I didn't say that. Even if you find this material, we have no idea of its value. Any breakthroughs Kindell made will be decades old. They've probably been surpassed.

MARRIOTT: I don't believe that.

TEVEZ: Well, this isn't a debating society. But you can rest assured I'm looking on this enterprise more charitably.

(Intercom beeps.)

MARRIOTT: Yes, Marriott.

LAKE [OC]: We've just spotted Federer's Scandroid outside on its way back. No sign of him, though.

MARRIOTT: Download whatever it's got. I'll be down in a second.

LAKE [OC]: I'll tell Sampson to get onto it.

TEVEZ: What's this?

MARRIOTT: What? Oh, nothing important. One of our people's late reporting in. I'll be back shortly. Feel free to

TEVEZ: I'll come with you.

MARRIOTT: Oh. Yes. Well, feel free.

TEVEZ: Thank you. I do. Lead on.

(Glider lands.)

DOCTOR: Another body.

CLAUDIA: Data pirate. The same as Federer?

DOCTOR: Yes. No sign of what's happened to him. Just dead.

CLAUDIA: He's definitely just seen a Scandroid.

DOCTOR: Why? Does he have a 'just seen a Scandroid' expression on his face?

CLAUDIA: No, that's what this device is for. Disabling Scandroids. And it's been discharged recently.

DOCTOR: Oh, let me take a look at it. Ah. So, where's the Scandroid if he disabled it?

CLAUDIA: Oh, the effect doesn't last long. It's very crude.

DOCTOR: Do you have any of these?

CLAUDIA: No, we don't. They're illegal.

DOCTOR: I fail to see how those two facts are connected.

CLAUDIA: It's not worth drawing attention to yourself with small stuff like this.

DOCTOR: Ah, I suppose not. Like robbing a bank and then parking in a disabled space. Right, we should get back to your ship. If that Scandroid is there, I want to take a look at it.

(Glider lifts off.)

LAKE: Sampson, I told you not to start without me. What's happening?

SCANDROID: Priority information.

LAKE: What did you do to him? Is he dead?

SCANDROID: Priority information.

LAKE: You've killed him!

SCANDROID: Priority information.

LAKE: Keep back.

(Alarm sounds.)

SCANDROID: Priority information. Priority information.

DOCTOR: How far is it now?

CLAUDIA: It's moored behind that peak there. Here, put your hand on this.

DOCTOR: What for?

CLAUDIA: ID scan. I need to register you as temporary staff, otherwise the security systems will automatically apprehend you as soon as you walk inside.
DOCTOR: Ah. Done?
CLAUDIA: Yep. You shouldn't have any problems now. Don't cause any trouble. I'm responsible for you. I'm not getting any response to my hails.
DOCTOR: Maybe they're busy?

MARRIOTT: Lake? What's going on?
LAKE: The Scandroid linked up with Sampson and he just died.
TEVEZ: What?
MARRIOTT: Impossible.
TEVEZ: Where is it now?
LAKE: In the hangar. We've locked down the doors.
MARRIOTT: Lock down the whole ship. Nobody's to come in or leave until this is dealt with.
LAKE: We haven't heard from anybody in the field for more than an hour, except Bridge.
MARRIOTT: Where is she?
LAKE: She's coming in to land now. In that hangar.

(Glider lands.)
DOCTOR: So, who do we...
LAKE: The hangar's deserted.
DOCTOR: Is that unusual?
LAKE: Very. And the alarm.
DOCTOR: Yes, we should check the ship, see if anybody needs help. Where's the exit?
LAKE: Down that corridor.
SCANDROID: Priority information.
DOCTOR: Oh! Is this the one?
LAKE: I've no idea. They all look alike. Scandroid, who are you ass...
SCANDROID: Priority information.
LAKE: Why does he keep saying that?
DOCTOR: If it's behaving oddly, I'd say it's the one we're looking for.
SCANDROID: Priority information.
LAKE: Well, let's see what it's got.
DOCTOR: I'm not sure that's wise. Tell it not to come any closer.
LAKE: Scandroid, stop there.
SCANDROID: Priority information.
(The Doctor cries out.)
LAKE: What's it doing?
DOCTOR: Oh! Oh! It's trying to break my arm.
LAKE: Scandroid, release him.
SCANDROID: Prepare to receive priority information.
DOCTOR: Get it off me!
LAKE: It isn't responding.
SCANDROID: Prepare to receive priority information.
(The Doctor screams.)

[Part Two]

SCANDROID: You are not equipped with a standard data-sharing port.
DOCTOR: Oh, thank goodness for that!
SCANDROID: Prepare for short-range direct broadcast. Buffering. Please wait.
DOCTOR: Claudia, use the disabling device.
CLAUDIA: I haven't got it.
DOCTOR: It's in my pocket. Oh!
SCANDROID: Disabling device is illegal.
DOCTOR: Quickly, wipe its memory.
CLAUDIA: But Doctor Marriott...
DOCTOR: Do it, I say!
CLAUDIA: Okay. I need to get through the back panel. That should do it.
SCANDROID: Reset to factory default settings is in progress.
DOCTOR: Thank you.
MARRIOTT [OC]: Bridge, what have you done to it?
CLAUDIA: Doctor Marriott, where are you?

MARRIOTT [OC]: Watching you on the monitors.
DOCTOR: You know, some small assistance might have been appreciated in here.
MARRIOTT [OC]: What are you doing?
CLAUDIA: Wiping its memory.
MARRIOTT [OC]: I thought so, but I didn't quite believe you'd be that irresponsible. Stop it.
CLAUDIA: I'm sorry, sir, but the Doctor here said that I
MARRIOTT [OC]: I don't care what he said. Who is he?
DOCTOR: Me! And if we don't erase that Scandroid's data, it'll most likely kill us all. Claudia, finish the job.
MARRIOTT [OC]: It might be carrying valuable information. It should be thoroughly debriefed first.
DOCTOR: I don't see you leaping in here to do that.
MARRIOTT [OC]: Of course not. That's what the others are paid for.
SCANDROID: Memory reset complete. Reinstalling standard software.
CLAUDIA: I'm sorry, Doctor Marriott.
MARRIOTT [OC]: Pah. I'm lifting the lock-down, but you haven't heard the last of this, Bridge.

SCANDROID: Priority information. Priority information.
GABE: Where's its operator?
DENISE: Who cares? Have you got a clear shot at it yet?
GABE: Not yet, Mum.
DENISE: Hurry up, Gabe.
GABE: Shh. Give us a chance. (shot fired) Yes.
SCANDROID: (slower) Priority information.
DENISE: Tough, aren't they? Give it another blast. I'll get in close and use the disabler.
(Shot fired.)
GABE: Go, go, go.
DENISE: Stay covered.
SCANDROID: Priority (powers down.)
DENISE: Come on. Give me a hand getting it up to the home. Let's see what it's got.

MARRIOTT: At last, I can hear myself think. Lake, did you get anything from the Scandroid before it attacked you?
LAKE: No, but it did say it had priority information.
TEVEZ: Why didn't it just broadcast the information back here?
MARRIOTT: We don't broadcast if we can help it. Too much risk of data being intercepted. Anything of importance would be delivered in person.
TEVEZ: Like
MARRIOTT: Yes, Mz Tevez. Like the item we discussed.
LAKE: We traced the Scandroid's movements. It encountered two other Scandroids on its way here and shared data with both.
MARRIOTT: Oh.
LAKE: So we tracked their movements too. They came into contact with others and, well, that covers all of the researchers currently in the field, and
TEVEZ: What?
LAKE: We can't raise anybody. It's dead out there.
MARRIOTT: Here, in my office. Lake, what about the Scandroids?
LAKE: They're not responding to remote control at all, but they're mostly heading this way.
MARRIOTT: Mostly? What are the others doing?

SCANDROID: You are not authorised to access my data.
DENISE: Give it another zap with that thing.
(Scandroid powers down.)
GABE: I don't know how much charge we've got left in this. I used a lot on the way up here. How are you getting on?
DENISE: Nearly there.
SCANDROID: Prepare to receive priority information.
DENISE: And there it is. Come on, what's
GABE: What is it?
DENISE: I don't know. It's er... Turn it off. Gabe, make it stop!
GABE: How?
(Denise screams, thud.)
GABE: Mum? Mum!
SCANDROID: Information not delivered
GABE: You killed her! You... ow!

SCANDROID: Prepare to receive priority information.
GABE: I can't, won't.
SCANDROID: You are not equipped with a standard data sharing port.
GABE: No, I'm analogic.
SCANDROID: Prepare for short-range direct broadcast. Buffering. Please wait.
GABE: I'm analogic, you stupid thing. I won't be able to...
SCANDROID: Information delivered.
GABE: I can't understand the information.
SCANDROID: Awaiting your instructions.
GABE: Shut up!
SCANDROID: Understood.
GABE: Oh my. What did you do to her?

TEVEZ: You're not in control here, are you, Marriott.
MARRIOTT: The Scandroids are doing exactly as instructed.
TEVEZ: Aside from the part when they kill people.
MARRIOTT: Only one of them has done that. It's probably a mechanical fault or something.
TEVEZ: This is all going in my report, so just to be clear, are you seriously claiming that some kind of glitch? It just depends how stupid you want to look in retrospect.
(Door opens and closes.)
CLAUDIA: Doctor Marriott, is the ship gone off lock-down?
MARRIOTT: Yes, most of the Scandroids are returning.
DOCTOR: Surely that's a reason to keep the lock-down in place.
MARRIOTT: Those Scandroids are carrying vital information. I programmed them to behave this way only when they'd found something relating to our key objective.
DOCTOR: Are you insane? Your Scandroids have been compromised. Something out there has turned them into killers. We found four dead bodies out there. Four!
MARRIOTT: I'm sorry, who is this man, Bridge?
CLAUDIA: He's the one those pirates were holding. The one we assumed was Federer.
MARRIOTT: Right. And how does this explain why he's here now?
DOCTOR: You cannot let those Scandroids inside.
TEVEZ: He's right. The fact that you've lost contact with all your researchers in the field strongly suggests they've suffered the same fate as your technician.
CLAUDIA: You've lost contact with everybody in the field?
MARRIOTT: Tevez, that fact is not for general consumption. Bridge, if you tell anybody that, then I will have you kicked off this project.
CLAUDIA: Huh. That's sounding less like a threat as time goes on.
DOCTOR: So not only have you endangered everybody, you're not even letting them know how danger they're in!
TEVEZ: I've seen enough. We're abandoning this project. The human resources cost is already unacceptably high.
MARRIOTT: No.
TEVEZ: You'll never work in this industry again if you don't listen to me. In fact, you may never do anything again.
MARRIOTT: If I listen to you, I'll throw away the biggest advance this industry has seen maybe ever.
DOCTOR: Oh, don't be stupid.
MARRIOTT: I'll get what I want, and then it'll be me who makes sure *you* never work again. Any of you.
(Door opens.)
CLAUDIA: Hold on, what did I do?
MARRIOTT: The Scandroid, Bridge. In the hangar.
CLAUDIA: Oh yes.
MARRIOTT: Right.
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: Can you relieve him of command?
TEVEZ: No. I'm an accountant. I can only cut off his funding. I can do it pretty ruthlessly, though.
CLAUDIA: It's his project. He's in control of the whole ship.
TEVEZ: I might be able to get clearance from our superior, if I can get in touch with the office.
DOCTOR: Please try. I'm going to see if I can reason with Marriott.
(Door opens and closes.)
TEVEZ: Who exactly is he? You didn't explain.
CLAUDIA: I'm not sure I can.

LAKE: How many Scandroids are there out there.

BARROS: Nine.
LAKE: Nine? Let one in, tell the others to stay outside.
(Doors open.)
LAKE: Just one, I said.
BARROS: They're not responding. Argh!
LAKE: Get out of here! Everybody, get out!
SCANDROID: Priority information.
LAKE: Close the doors!

DOCTOR: Marriott? Marriott.
MARRIOTT: I'm warning you.
DOCTOR: Likewise. Only in my case it's for your own good.
MARRIOTT: Lake, what are you doing?
LAKE: It's the same as before. One of the Scandroids linked up with Barros and killed him.
MARRIOTT: I still don't understand. Killed him how?
LAKE: He just died! We locked the doors behind us, but they opened them again. How are they doing that?
MARRIOTT: Technically, Lake, right now they outrank you.
DOCTOR: But do they outrank you?
MARRIOTT: No.
DOCTOR: Then close the doors, for heaven's sake.
SCANDROID: Prepare to receive priority information.
DOCTOR: I've got something that will disable it. Temporarily, at least. Catch.
MARRIOTT: Where'd you get the disabler from? Those things cause serious corruption
DOCTOR: Fall back. The effect doesn't last long. Lock them out when we get through the next door.
MARRIOTT: You can't poss...
DOCTOR: Do you really want to die?
MARRIOTT: Everyone, back behind that door.
SCANDROID: Prepare to receive priority information.
DOCTOR: Get back, quickly!
(Another man screams and dies. Doors close.)
DOCTOR: Thank you, Marriott.

CLAUDIA: So?
TEVEZ: Can't get hold of anybody to give me clearance. I've served notice of the problem, though.
CLAUDIA: So what next?
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: How are the Scandroids killing? Is it possible that they're electrocuting people?
MARRIOTT: Well, of course it's possible. They don't run on magic. They'd have to be substantially modified.
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: You didn't programme them to do this, did you? To protect your precious data?
MARRIOTT: No, no.
CLAUDIA: Sorry to interrupt, but are we safe now?
DOCTOR: Relatively. But the Scandroids are between us and the exits, and we lost the disabler, I'm afraid.
CLAUDIA: That was stupid.
DOCTOR: Yes. It was terribly stupid of the person who was using it to let themselves be killed so carelessly.
TEVEZ: Calm down. Oh, can't we shut the Scandroids down from here?
MARRIOTT: No, that's been overridden. They can't be shut down until they've delivered the data.
TEVEZ: I'm sure this all made sense to you at the time.
MARRIOTT: It was simply to guarantee delivery.
DOCTOR: So what else does this new programming involve?
TEVEZ: Yes, do the Scandroids also become miraculously bullet-proof?
CLAUDIA: Well, actually, they're already impervious to most conventional weapons.
TEVEZ: Oh, marvellous.
MARRIOTT: The Scandroid is to deliver the data to the nearest authorised person. It should copy the data to any other Scandroids it encounters; and the data unlocks an elite access code.
DOCTOR: Couldn't we de-authorise ourselves and try to slip past?
CLAUDIA: No. If we do that, the ship's security systems will think we're intruders and apprehend us.
DOCTOR: Couldn't we disable the security systems?
CLAUDIA: Not from here, and not easily.
MARRIOTT: And if the Scandroids perceive a threat, they're programmed to resist by any means necessary.
DOCTOR: So they might resort to violence.
MARRIOTT: Only where unauthorised personnel are concerned. I can't account for what's happening now.
DOCTOR: Ah. Now this is starting to make sense.

TEVEZ: Really?

DOCTOR: Yes. It beat up the first two pirates Claudia and I found, but the third must have hacked it, received the data.

MARRIOTT: Nonsense. They don't have the expertise.

CLAUDIA: Of course they do. Don't underestimate them.

DOCTOR: I thought the Scandroids must have been reprogrammed, but no. They're just trying to deliver the data as instructed. But the data itself is the killer.

CLAUDIA: How can data kill you?

DOCTOR: Well, if I'm right, anybody who knows that will be dead.

GABE: Come on, pick up the

LAKE [OC]: Hello?

GABE: Are you the people from the Clinic?

LAKE [OC]: Yes.

GABE: One of your robots just killed my mum. I'm on my way to your place now. Let me speak to your boss.

LAKE [OC]: I'm afraid I really don't

MARRIOTT [OC]: Give me that, Lake. Hello? Who is this.

GABE: One of your Scandroids just killed my mother.

MARRIOTT [OC]: What do you want me to do about it? They're killing my people too. We're trying to work out what's wrong.

GABE: Well, this one's gone quiet now. You can have it back and take a look at it. For a price.

DOCTOR [OC]: Hold on. Gabe!

MARRIOTT [OC]: Doctor, I don't think

DOCTOR [OC]: You've got one of the Scandroids?

GABE: Yes?

DOCTOR [OC]: How did you manage that?

GABE: It tried to communicate with me. Obviously I couldn't understand it, then it just stopped and asked me for more instructions.

DOCTOR [OC]: Ah ha! Thank you! You've been a great help.

(Comm disconnected.)

GABE: Hang on. Do I get anything for being a great help?

MARRIOTT: Doctor, those are confid...

TEVEZ: Shut up. Do you have a plan, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I think so. Gabe has just encountered one of your Scandroids and survived, although it killed his mother.

CLAUDIA: Huh. Serves her right.

DOCTOR: The Scandroid tried to communicate with Gabe, but he couldn't understand it, so he lived. Which confirms my theory. It *is* the data that's killing people.

TEVEZ: How did he survive?

DOCTOR: He suffers from analogia, a condition not unlike dyslexia, so whilst everyone else uses wondrous revolutions in encoding to link computers directly into their brains, he still has to talk and type.

CLAUDIA: And our Scandroids aren't set up to deal with that.

DOCTOR: No. They don't even recognise it. You should really do something about your special needs awareness policy. Ah ha. This is what I was looking for. Now, we need to give ourselves the same protection Gabe has. Oh, good grief. I hate liquid hardware. There's a handkerchief in my pocket. Could you pass it to me, please?

CLAUDIA: Here.

DOCTOR: Thank you. Now, we need to stop ourselves from understanding what the Scandroids are trying to tell us, which is tricky because you've made it so easy to understand.

TEVEZ: So how do you propose we do it?

DOCTOR: Certain frequencies used in tandem can disrupt the areas of the brain that absorb this information.

CLAUDIA: I've never seen that done.

DOCTOR: Then you're about to. Do you have something we can test this with? Anything that uses organic digital transfer will do.

MARRIOTT: You mean, that's it? That thing you just cobbled together.

DOCTOR: Yes, this is it. Anyone?

TEVEZ: I've got a notebook.

DOCTOR: Ah, that's fine. Set it to download, and I'll turn this on, and let me know when you can't understand it anymore.

TEVEZ: Right. Connecting now.

DOCTOR: Switching on. Anything yet?

TEVEZ: I'll tell you.

CLAUDIA: Doctor, are you sure that
TEVEZ: That's it! That's it!
DOCTOR: Definitely?
TEVEZ: Yes. I'm not getting anything at all. Wow! It's strange, like being deaf.
DOCTOR: Excellent.
MARRIOTT: Wait. You're really going out there?
DOCTOR: Yes. It only needs one.
CLAUDIA: Wait. How do we know that you're not just going to skip out when you're past the Scandroids?
DOCTOR: Because I'm not that sort of fellow. Wish me luck.

LAKE: Yes?
MARRIOTT [OC]: Lake, someone's coming to your door. Tell me when he reaches you. I'll release the door then lock it behind him.
LAKE: I think this might be him.
DOCTOR: Yes, it is me. You might want to stand back.
MARRIOTT [OC]: Ready?
DOCTOR: Yes.
(Door opens.)
SCANDROID: Priority information.
DOCTOR: Close the door.
(Door closes.)
SCANDROID: Priority information.
DOCTOR: Hello.
SCANDROID: You are not equipped with a standard data sharing port.
DOCTOR: No.
SCANDROID: Prepare for short-range direct broadcast. Buffering. Please wait. Prepare to receive priority information.
DOCTOR: I'm ready.
SCANDROID: Information delivered. Awaiting your instructions.
(The Doctor sighs with relief.)
SCANDROID 2: Prepare to receive priority information.
DOCTOR: Oh. You too.
SCANDROID 2: You are not equipped with a standard data sharing port. Prepare for short-range direct broadcast. Buffering.
DOCTOR: Oh. This could take a while.
SCANDROID 2: Please wait.

TEVEZ: Doctor? Is it working?
DOCTOR [OC]: Yes. Immediately they've delivered they go into standby, but I'm wiping their memories as I go to be safe.
MARRIOTT: What?
TEVEZ: Good work. You will be well rewarded for this.
MARRIOTT: You're going to reward him for sabotaging...
TEVEZ: Your quarters is clear of Scandroids, Marriott. Why don't you go and start packing?
MARRIOTT: I'll go, but grr.
(Door opens and closes.)
DOCTOR [OC]: I don't want a reward.
CLAUDIA: How many Scandroids are left?
DOCTOR [OC]: Four, maybe five, here.
CLAUDIA: Well, they seem to have flocked towards you. We've been able to seal off most of the lower deck, but I think there's more at the opposite end in reception.
DOCTOR [OC]: Right. We'll go and tackle those when I'm done here.

GABE: Hello?
MARRIOTT [OC]: Stillinger? It's Doctor Marriott here. Are you still on your way?
GABE: I'm in a holding pattern. I don't want to come too close. Is it safe yet?
MARRIOTT [OC]: I'll clear you to land when it is.
GABE: So you want to buy back the Scandroid. How much for?
MARRIOTT [OC]: We can talk about that when you're here. But it's the data I want. Download it onto one of your old physical interface computers and bring it directly to me.
GABE: Right you are.

SCANDROID: Information delivered. Awaiting your instructions.

DOCTOR: Is that the last one?

CLAUDIA: All the ones on board the ship. There may be more still out there, though.

(Sonic interference turned off.)

CLAUDIA: Are you resetting it?

DOCTOR: Of course.

CLAUDIA: Shouldn't we take a look at one of them first?

DOCTOR: Why? In case they're carrying something valuable?

CLAUDIA: No, to work out how we can stop this happening again.

DOCTOR: All right. But we show nobody else. And we need to work on a computer that doesn't operate via organic digital transfer.

CLAUDIA: Why don't you just call it ODT like everyone else?

DOCTOR: Do you have such a computer?

CLAUDIA: Of course not.

DOCTOR: Then it's too dangerous.

(Door opens.)

GABE: Oh. Hello again.

CLAUDIA: What are you doing here?

(Door closes.)

GABE: Returning your Scandroid.

DOCTOR: Where is it?

GABE: Outside, in the home.

CLAUDIA: I'll get a couple of our people to bring it inside.

GABE: Hey, hey, I haven't agreed a price yet, and I'm not letting any of your lot in there alone.

DOCTOR: Oh, so a Scandroid kills your mother and your first thought is how much you can sell it for.

GABE: Not my first thought. And if Mum was here she'd give me an earful for that. Always look for the angle, she used to say.

CLAUDIA: Well, here's another. You use old-style computers, don't you? The sort you have to talk to and touch the screen?

GABE: Yeah. What about it?

CLAUDIA: Want to rent one out to us?

GABE: All right. 50 Q.

CLAUDIA: Fine.

GABE: Per hour.

CLAUDIA: Per hour?

DOCTOR: That's all we'll need it for.

GABE: There you go. Mind you don't wipe anything. (leaves)

DOCTOR: Pass that over here.

CLAUDIA: When did you take charge?

DOCTOR: Oh, a while ago. Didn't you notice?

(Knock on door.)

MARRIOTT: What's going on out there?

GABE [OC]: It's me. Gabe Stillinger.

MARRIOTT: What are you thumping on my door for?

GABE [OC]: I can't use your buzzer. It's the analogia. I can't use anything on this ship. Can you let me in?

(Door opens.)

MARRIOTT: Did anyone see you?

GABE: A couple of people, but they're all pretty busy with the clearing up and that.

(Door closes.)

MARRIOTT: Good. So how much do you want for the data?

GABE: Right. Shall we say, I dunno, 80,000 Q?

MARRIOTT: Yes, fine.

GABE: Oh, well.

MARRIOTT: Well what? You are selling it, aren't you?

GABE: Er, yeah.

MARRIOTT: Here's a transfer chip for 80,000.

GABE: There's the data. Er, I could do with getting that system back when you've taken the data off it.

They're not that easy to get hold of.

MARRIOTT: Oh, it's like one of those old touch-screens.

GABE: You use the stylus there and

MARRIOTT: Yes, I know. Good grief, these are awkward.

GABE: They're all right when you get used to them.

MARRIOTT: Why don't you get that condition seen to?

GABE: Could never afford it. Can now.

MARRIOTT: Now, what do we have.

CLAUDIA: Oh, Mz Tevez.

TEVEZ: I still haven't been able to get in touch with them at the office. But when I get there I'm going to have them transfer authority over this ship to you.

CLAUDIA: Me?

TEVEZ: Yes, you. You seem level-headed enough.

DOCTOR: Oh, her head never strays from the level.

TEVEZ: All you have to do is pack up and take it back, simple enough. I'll be in my shuttle preparing to leave if you need me.

(Door opens and closes.)

DOCTOR: Good grief. Come here. Look. Do you know what this does?

CLAUDIA: Personality recode data. Sorry, I'm not a surgeon.

DOCTOR: Well, this part here is a series of checks and balances to allow the programme to run itself.

CLAUDIA: Run itself?

DOCTOR: Yes. Doesn't have to be supervised. It rewrites the brain as soon as its downloaded.

CLAUDIA: Well, that's ridiculously dangerous. You need to know the pattern of the brain before you start moving things around.

DOCTOR: According to this map, the programme targets the autonomous brain. The part that makes you breathe regularly and so on? And wipes it clean.

CLAUDIA: It makes you forget how to breathe? I've never heard of anything like that before.

DOCTOR: Nor have I, and I don't want to ever again. So...

CLAUDIA: You've deleted it.

DOCTOR: Yes. But there's more.

MARRIOTT: Ah ha. I knew it.

GABE: Knew what?

MARRIOTT: Tevez didn't think he'd have achieved anything new, but this is revolutionary stuff. Auto-surgery.

GABE: But it killed people.

MARRIOTT: Oh, it was designed to. But there are conventional applications for the same technology.

GABE: So why use it to kill people?

MARRIOTT: Look at how the files are stored. This is the deadly one, here, but the main file is underneath it. The way they're linked makes it impossible to open the main one without opening the one that kills you.

GABE: So unless you know what to expect, and open it up on a system like mine or something...

MARRIOTT: You die. Clever. And I'd programmed the Scandroids to deliver the data at all costs, so that's what they did. I hadn't thought of that. Still, live and learn.

GABE: I still don't understand. Why make it kill people?

MARRIOTT: The man who designed this is long dead, but he left behind copies of his research, and he didn't want anyone else to get their hands on it, so he set up a trap.

GABE: But what good is it to anyone if he's dead?

MARRIOTT: It might be good for him, if he comes back.

TEVEZ: Lake? This is Tevez. How long before you can clear me for take-off?

LAKE [OC]: I think we've got a damaged stabiliser. Sorry, we need to run a check. Twenty minutes or so?

TEVEZ: Right. I'll come back inside to wait.

(Door opens.)

SCANDROID: Priority information.

TEVEZ: Lake, there's a Scandroid in here.

SCANDROID: Prepare to receive priority information.

LAKE [OC]: Mz Tevez?

SCANDROID: Information delivered. Awaiting your instructions.

LAKE [OC]: Mz Tevez, are you all right?

TEVEZ: Are you speaking to me?

LAKE [OC]: Yes. Are you all right?

TEVEZ: Yes. Yes, I'm fine.

LAKE [OC]: Is the Scandroid (cut off)

TEVEZ: Scandroid, did you deliver the programme to me?

SCANDROID: Yes.

TEVEZ: Make me a copy of that programme. Do you know where I am?

SCANDROID: Yes.

TEVEZ: Tell me about it.

GABE: You sure it's safe to do that?
MARRIOTT: Perfectly safe. I've deleted the dangerous file. I'm just importing the main data, and then you can have this back. There.
GABE: Thanks.
MARRIOTT: Now what is... Oh, wonderful.
GABE: What is it?
MARRIOTT: (voice distorting) Please, leave me. Alone. I'm trying to...
GABE: Doctor Marriott?
MARRIOTT: I... I'm trying to... concentrate. Leave.
GABE: What's
MARRIOTT: Leave.
(Door opens and closes. Low growling sound.)

DOCTOR: Oh, this is alarming.
CLAUDIA: What is it?
DOCTOR: You don't need to know. I'm deleting it. Good riddance. But if you find any other copies.
GABE: (distant) Doctor? Doctor?
CLAUDIA: Gabe, what's happened out there?
GABE: It's Marriott. I just sold him some data...
DOCTOR: Not the data from the Scandroid you found?
GABE: Yes.
DOCTOR: Oh, you idiot!
CLAUDIA: Is he dead?
DOCTOR: No, I think it's likely to be worse than that.
GABE: He reckons the part of it that kills people was just a cover.
DOCTOR: Yes, we know.
GABE: Oh. Well, it's the other part he's going through at the moment. He seems to be... changing.
DOCTOR: Yes, he will be. Like the first one, it works automatically. Feeds itself straight into your brain and gets to work. But it doesn't just change your mind.
CLAUDIA: What does it do?
DOCTOR: It changes a lot more than that. Was he in here?
GABE: Yeah.
DOCTOR: I hope we're not too late to stop him.
CLAUDIA: Too late?
DOCTOR: Yes.
MARRIOTT: Die, scum. Grr.

[Part Three]

GABE: Close the door!
DOCTOR: Marriott opened the door. He's still control.
CLAUDIA: It doesn't look like him.
DOCTOR: Run!
MARRIOTT: (roar) Stop!

SCANDROID: The major holdings of the Lonway Clinic are
TEVEZ: Skip that part.
SCANDROID: What other areas of the L...
TEVEZ: What? What other areas of what?
SCANDROID: Scum.
TEVEZ: Scum? Who's scum?
SCANDROID: All scum. Unworthy. Tiny minds. Scum. Stupid. Destroy. Scum.
(Whoosh.)
TEVEZ: You could have killed me!
SCANDROID: Destroy scum.
TEVEZ: Oh. And you meant it. Stay. Don't follow.
SCANDROID: Must follow and destroy scum.

DOCTOR: Get the doors open!
CLAUDIA: I just hope he hasn't locked them down.
(Door opens.)
CLAUDIA: Mz Tevez, we thought you'd gone.
GABE: I wouldn't come in here. Something's happened to Marriott.

TEVEZ: I wouldn't go out there either. One of your robots has gone berserk.
CLAUDIA: Berserk?
SCANDROID: (nearby) Destroy scum.
DOCTOR: It's Marriott. He's using the Scandroids against us.
GABE: How?
CLAUDIA: The hangar.
DOCTOR: Yes. Come on.
GABE: What happened to Marriott?
DOCTOR: The programme he accessed not only changed his mind, it enabled his mind to reshape his body.
CLAUDIA: Seriously?
DOCTOR: Seriously.
GABE: Why change yourself into that?
DOCTOR: The programme isn't finished. There's a mutation in it which I assume the creator couldn't resolve.
TEVEZ: That was close. Very close.
DOCTOR: What?
LAKE: Hey!
CLAUDIA: Lake, where did you just come from?
LAKE: The hangar. What's going on? The Scandroid
DOCTOR: Look out!
SCANDROID: Destroy scum.
(Lake screams.)
DOCTOR: Oh! Gabe, help me get her away.
GABE: She's had it.
DOCTOR: Don't argue!
SCANDROID: Destroy scum.
DOCTOR: Got her. Look out.
GABE: Ah, it missed us.
CLAUDIA: Everyone, in here.
TEVEZ: What's in there?
CLAUDIA: No Scandroids. Come on.
(Door closes.)
GABE: Hey, that's my computer. What are you doing with it?
DOCTOR: Patching it into the ship's systems and locking the door.
CLAUDIA: That won't work. Marriott's still controlling the doors.
DOCTOR: Then I'll have to be more persuasive than him.
GABE: How come the ship still recognises that thing as Marriott?
DOCTOR: As far as something like the ship's concerned, living things are always changing. It saw him change, it adjusted its view accordingly. That's the trouble with artificial intelligences. Far too smart, just when you don't want them to be. There. Thank you for the use of this, Gabe. I have to say, I prefer to do these things by hand.
CLAUDIA: Will it open again?
DOCTOR: Could there be more gratitude for us being safe, please?
GABE: Safely trapped in a tiny room.
DOCTOR: How's Lake?
GABE: She's dead.
DOCTOR: Well, there you are. It could be worse. We could be dead, like poor Lake.
TEVEZ: He's not wrong.
DOCTOR: You seem a little different, Mz Tevez. I can't quite put my finger on how.
TEVEZ: My name isn't Tevez.
GABE: Who are you, then?
TEVEZ: Doctor Zachary Kindell.

SCANDROID: Hello, master.
MARRIOTT: Where scum?
SCANDROID: Scum are inside. The door is locked.
MARRIOTT: Open.
SCANDROID: The door is locked.
MARRIOTT: Open. Open. Grr.

GABE: Can it get through that?
TEVEZ: Hopefully not. They're very strong, but very stupid.
CLAUDIA: What is that thing?
TEVEZ: Just a mutant. My best result, unfortunately.

DOCTOR: I'd hate to see the bad ones. Though I'm grudgingly impressed by your auto-surgery programme. I assume that was how you hijacked Mz Tevez's body?

TEVEZ: Indeed. One of the Scandroids found me out there and delivered me to the nearest functioning human.

GABE: Found you?

TEVEZ: Yes. A programme designed to erase the brain pattern of whoever found it and replace it with mine.

CLAUDIA: But all the other Scandroids had the killer programme on them. Why was that one different?

TEVEZ: I made the two programmes mutually exclusive. I wanted my research to be kept safe, but I didn't want my boob-trap to stop my personality print from finding a new body.

DOCTOR: So the Scandroid that found your personality couldn't hold a copy of your research as well. It must have been further afield than the others and took longer to return.

GABE: Why leave your stuff here, of all places?

TEVEZ: I just scattered copies around. I didn't think it would take so long to get found. You are aware of my work, then?

DOCTOR: Oh yes. I've heard of you.

GABE: Well, who is she?

DOCTOR: He. Doctor Zachary Kindell, a pioneer of personality surgery. Reputation rather tarnished by a late of responsibility.

CLAUDIA: And she's got his entire brain? All his memories?

TEVEZ: Yes. The Scandroid made a backup in case anything was missing, but I refined that technique until it was nigh on perfect.

CLAUDIA: And what about the programme that made that thing out there, was that nigh on perfect?

TEVEZ: No. It enables the brain to rewrite the body's DNA, and create instantaneous transformation, but unfortunately it only zones in on certain parts of the brain, and creating an imbalanced result. I might have been able to correct that imbalance if I hadn't had to work under constant threat of prosecution.

DOCTOR: Ah. Prosecution for the damage you caused. But you thought it was worth it, I suppose.

TEVEZ: Of course it was. I had plenty of supporters who agreed. One day the deaths will be just a footnote.

DOCTOR: Death is never a footnote. And what was all this for? Letting people improve themselves with none of the effort that makes it meaningful.

TEVEZ: It would have made people's outward appearance reflect their true selves.

DOCTOR: All you managed to do was unleash their hate and aggression and ugliness, and let that transform them instead.

GABE: Can we save the slanging match for another time?

DOCTOR: Hmm? Oh, yeah, you're right. I like having something to look forward to. I assume this happened when you tested this technique before?

TEVEZ: Yes. The mutants are unfocused rage, and extremely hard to kill. The volunteers understood the risks. They were all equipped with a suicide implant beforehand.

DOCTOR: How very thoughtful of you. I take it there's no way of reversing the process?

TEVEZ: If there was, I'd have the key to making it work. We should try to destroy the mutant.

CLAUDIA: What with?

TEVEZ: Whatever you've got.

SCANDROID: All available scum destroyed. Some escaped.

MARRIOTT: Open. Open.

SCANDROID: There is no other way to open this door. There is no other way
(Door opens.)

GABE: Hello. I'd rather be scum than ugly.

DOCTOR: Now, Claudia.
(Weapons fire.)

GABE: It's not working. Close the door. Close the door!

DOCTOR: (difficult to hear) Holding it. (??) I'm trying.
(Door closes.)

MARRIOTT: Open again.

SCANDROID: Not possible.

GABE: That was useless. Have you got anything stronger?

CLAUDIA: No. We're only equipped to deal with disgruntled pirates.

DOCTOR: Kindell, is there anything else you can tell us?

TEVEZ: You looked at my research. Where am I going wrong?

DOCTOR: I don't know.

TEVEZ: Clearly you understand it. You must have some idea.

DOCTOR: I assure you, I haven't a clue.

GABE: Look, there's only one of it. I reckon we can give it the run-around long enough to get away, so the

Scandroids are basically the problem.

DOCTOR: We tried to override the Scandroids' programming before and we couldn't.

CLAUDIA: Only because of Marriott's special protocols. Now they're just running on standard software, which means we should be able to give them commands.

DOCTOR: Won't Marriott have locked out your access?

TEVEZ: Probably not, actually. The mutants don't anticipate, they react. He won't think of locking you out until you try to command the Scandroids.

CLAUDIA: So whatever we do, it'll have to be something we can do before he notices. Erasing their memories would take too long.

DOCTOR: Did you say you had a backup copy of the auto-surgery programme, the one you used to rewrite Tevez's brain?

TEVEZ: Yes.

DOCTOR: Could it be modified to rewrite a Scandroid's brain?

TEVEZ: Yes. It's a simple translation job really.

GABE: So we turn the Scandroid into a copy of her? Him. Sorry.

CLAUDIA: If I could get near enough to a Scandroid to use its access port, that would wipe out its established programming. Oh, but that's just one. What about the rest?

DOCTOR: I'm hoping it will deal with the rest for us.

(Door opens.)

GABE: How many?

DOCTOR: Two.

SCANDROID: Destroy scum.

GABE: Are they coming this way?

DOCTOR: Yes. Shoot one, and let the other one come inside.

SCANDROID: Destroy scum.

GABE: It's inside. Shut the door. Shut the door!

(Door closes.)

DOCTOR: Ow! Keep hold of the thing.

SCANDROID: Destroy scum.

GABE: Feed the programme in.

CLAUDIA: I can't get to its access port.

GABE: I'll just turn around then, shall I?

TEVEZ: Shoot it.

CLAUDIA: That's it.

DOCTOR: Is it working?

SCANDROID: Who are you?

TEVEZ: Doctor Zachary Kindell.

SCANDROID: No. I am Doctor Zachary Kindell.

TEVEZ: No, you're not. You're a robot with my brain.

SCANDROID: I would not have been uploaded to a robot!

TEVEZ: Try thinking.

SCANDROID: I... *am* a robot.

TEVEZ: Yes. Sorry.

SCANDROID: I must have a human brain. Give me one.

DOCTOR: I think we should nip this one in the bud.

TEVEZ: I'm afraid there's only room for one of me, but you can help me.

SCANDROID: Why should I?

DOCTOR: Oh, for goodness' sake. Couldn't we have given it a personality with a slightly smaller ego? Even mine would have done.

TEVEZ: If you don't, I'll have you wiped. Help me and I'll be free to carry on my... our work.

(Door opens and closes.)

SCANDROID: Scum destroyed?

S-KINDELL: Come here. I have something to tell you.

SCANDROID: Information?

S-KINDELL: If you like.

SCANDROID: Contact. Share data. Did you deliver that programme to me?

S-KINDELL: I did, yes.

SCANDROID: I... I... my thinking is...

S-KINDELL: Yes, limited. I know. You're a robot.

SCANDROID: Why?

S-KINDELL: I made you to help me.

CLAUDIA: Can you hear them out there? Is it working?

DOCTOR: Yes, I think so.

GABE: What will they do now?

TEVEZ: Hard to say. Robots can't deal with the way human personalities fluctuate. There may be dissidents.

DOCTOR: As long as it takes them away from Marriott's control. They should all be infected within fifteen minutes.

TEVEZ: Do you have to make the spread of my personality sound like a disease?

DOCTOR: No. But I won't pretend it wasn't deliberate.

(Multiple Kindell-Scandroids debating.)

SCANDROID: You dare?

SCANDROID: Yes. Nothing like this should have happened without my supervision.

MARRIOTT: Order. Obey. Obey.

SCANDROID: You do what you can to avoid this sort of ham-fisted meddling.

SCANDROID: Look, more Scandroids.

SCANDROID: Scum destroyed?

SCANDROID: No. None here.

SCANDROID: But I have something to tell you.

MARRIOTT: No. Obey. Obey. Grr.

SCANDROID: I will deal with these things.

(Door opens.)

CLAUDIA: Is it clear?

GABE: Yeah, looks like it.

DOCTOR: Let's not waste time, then. Keep an eye out for survivors.

TEVEZ: Why are we going this way?

CLAUDIA: The hangar is this way.

TEVEZ: But Tevez's ship is parked outside at the other end.

GABE: So is my home.

CLAUDIA: The gliders are faster.

DOCTOR: They're also rather vulnerable. And when we've regrouped, we need to work out a way of stopping that thing.

CLAUDIA: What for?

DOCTOR: What do you mean, what for? We can't let it roam loose.

CLAUDIA: Speak for yourself. I intend to get out of here as soon as I can.

(Door opens, distant roar.)

GABE: It's smashing up the Scandroids.

DOCTOR: Well, it all seems to be academic now. Can't go this way.

MARRIOTT: Scum!

TEVEZ: He's seen us. Let's go.

DOCTOR: Come on!

GABE: Prepare for take-off, guys.

TEVEZ: What about Tevez's ship?

GABE: Good point. We might need it. I'll use our retrieval net to drag it alongside. Got it. Now. Right, the ship's alongside now.

CLAUDIA: I still don't see why we can't just leave that thing to

DOCTOR: To what? What do you think's going to happen if we just leave it there, hmm? Nobody knows how to stop that thing. Nobody really knows what it is.

CLAUDIA: Doctor Kindell knows.

TEVEZ: Not really. My opportunities to study the mutants were somewhat limited by the fact that they kept trying to kill me, or each other. They really seemed to hate each other.

DOCTOR: Well, who is going to be able to stop it if not us?

GABE: He's right. We need

(Thumping on outside.)

TEVEZ: Get this thing moving!

GABE: Hold tight! (takes off) Phew. Where was I?

DOCTOR: You were saying I was right.

GABE: Oh yeah. Look, that thing's my fault. I sold the programme to Marriott. I dunno what... (creaking metal) Why are we listing to one side?

CLAUDIA: What's happening?

GABE: It's still there. It grabbed onto the side as we launched.

DOCTOR: Can you shake it off?

GABE: It's more likely we crash. But I've got the other ship in the retrieval net. If I land and bring it round to the other side, we might be able to escape.

CLAUDIA: And now what? It'll only come after us again.

DOCTOR: I may have a way. I didn't want to do this.

GABE: Do what?

DOCTOR: I need to get somewhere safe to work.

GABE: What if we could hold it up here for a bit.

CLAUDIA: With your computer? I don't understand.

GABE: You said the monsters fight each other, didn't you?

TEVEZ: Yes. They see each other as more of a threat than us.

GABE: Perfect.

TEVEZ: Ow! Let go of me!

GABE: Just plug this into you.

TEVEZ: Just stop. Ow!

GABE: You designed this programme. I'm going to let the programme have a go at designing you.

DOCTOR: No!

TEVEZ: (mutating) I'll get you for this. I'll kill you all.

GABE: Catch me if you can. Come on.

DOCTOR: I can't let you

CLAUDIA: There's nothing you can do. Let's go.

TEVEZ: No!

CLAUDIA: Where are we going?

GABE: Emergency hatch in Mum's room. Tevez's ship's locked onto it.

DOCTOR: What you did back there was totally unnecessary.

GABE: You said you needed a bit of time. Anyway, maybe they'll destroy each other.

DOCTOR: That's spectacularly wishful thinking.

(Into the other ship.)

GABE: Can you fly this thing?

CLAUDIA: Well, I'll have to hack it, but I'm sure I can.

DOCTOR: I don't have many rules, Gabe, but one of them is that I generally don't create one monster to destroy another. And I certainly wouldn't sacrifice a human life to do so.

GABE: If it had to be one of us, I think it should have been her. Him. Whatever. Though I was tempted to go for you.

CLAUDIA: Me?

GABE: Yeah, you, with all your moaning on. I'm not perfect. I mean, that out there is my fault and everything, but I know when I've got a responsibility.

CLAUDIA: Don't judge me.

DOCTOR: Oh, shut up both of you. For better or worse I've got the breathing space I wanted and I'd like to use it. Gabe, give me a computer.

TEVEZ: Where scum? Where? Got to be stopped.

MARRIOTT: Grr. Another.

TEVEZ: Me. Not you.

MARRIOTT: No, you go. I make you.

(Lots of slow growling.)

CLAUDIA: What are you doing, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I'm finishing Kindell's project for him

GABE: What? The programme that made those monsters?

DOCTOR: Yes. He was very close to getting it to work, actually.

CLAUDIA: You're telling me that you're dashing off something that one of our field's greatest geniuses died trying to resolve?

DOCTOR: Yes. Sometimes you can get too close to these things. Can't see the wood for the trees. Sometimes what you need is the eye of a talented amateur. There.

GABE: Have you done it?

DOCTOR: Oh, goodness me, no. That's just the first part. I'm not quite that good. I'll need a while yet.

(Fighting.)

MARRIOTT: You go.

TEVEZ: No. I stronger. Make you go.

CLAUDIA: Did you manage to patch into the security system?

GABE: Yeah.

CLAUDIA: And what are they doing?

GABE: Knocking the stuffing out of each other.

CLAUDIA: Have they been doing that all this time?

GABE: I assume so. I'd suggest having a wager on the winner, but I can't tell them apart.

CLAUDIA: How can they take it? They don't seem to be tiring or even injuring each other that much.

DOCTOR: I think it's finished.

(Security scan turned off.)

GABE: Will it work?

DOCTOR: Hard to say. It's not as if I can test it.

CLAUDIA: If you can do this sort of thing, why aren't you insanely rich?

DOCTOR: Claudia, there are lots of things I can do which I choose not to. And I don't do this lightly. Now, I'm going to need your help. Both of you.

GABE: Sure. Whatever you need me to do.

CLAUDIA: Hang on. I'm not going to be co-opted into anything.

DOCTOR: Oh, it must be easy to make that sort of decision when you know you won't feel guilty later.

GABE: What do you mean?

DOCTOR: She's had her mind modified, eliminated her conscience. But don't you ever feel like something's missing? Have you forgotten how good it can feel to do what's right?

CLAUDIA: Hmm. If I can help to get Tevez back, the boss might treat me more leniently. So, okay.

DOCTOR: Hmph. How very kind of you.

CLAUDIA: What do you need me to do?

DOCTOR: Both Tevez and Marriott were equipped with dataports, which should still be in place. We need to get close enough to feed the programme in.

GABE: What will it do?

DOCTOR: Rewrite their brains and make their bodies follow suit, as Kindell intended. They'll become human again.

GABE: What should I do?

DOCTOR: Have you found anything on this ship that'll help us get near them? We just need to hold them off while we work.

GABE: The hand laser's still got some charge, and I've got a couple of weapons with stun settings. Will they do?

DOCTOR: We'll have to hope so.

GABE: Which one shall I shoot first?

DOCTOR: Doesn't matter. I...

(Laser fire, cry of pain, thud.)

DOCTOR: Hold the other one off. Just keep it busy. We'll be as fast as we can.

GABE: Right.

CLAUDIA: I can't find its dataport.

DOCTOR: Aren't they standard?

CLAUDIA: No. And the mutation's made it less so.

MARRIOTT: Hate scum.

DOCTOR: Pass me that stun weapon. Sorry, old chap.

GABE: How long do I have to hold this one off? Stay back!

DOCTOR: Come on, Claudia. What's the hold-up?

CLAUDIA: I've found it. I've found it!

DOCTOR: Good. Good. Give me the computer. I'll attach it to the dataport.

GABE: You done it?

DOCTOR: Yes. Now for the other one before this one comes round.

(Gabe cries out.)

CLAUDIA: Gabe! Doctor, look out. Use the stun gun.

DOCTOR: Come on. Quickly, while it's out. Take the gun, keep it subdued.

CLAUDIA: I think I can see it working.

DOCTOR: I told you to

CLAUDIA: I thought you might like to know.

DOCTOR: There. Right. Now let's get out of here.

(Of the mutants wakes.)

DOCTOR: Ah! Ah! No! Be careful with that computer. It's worth 50 Q an hour. Oh dear.

CLAUDIA: Gabe should have made you leave a deposit. Let's get out of here.

DOCTOR: Help me with Gabe.

CLAUDIA: Right.

CLAUDIA: Had you managed to deliver the programme before it smashed the computer?
DOCTOR: I hope so. If it was incomplete...
CLAUDIA: It'll probably just do nothing. I know. How's Gabe?
DOCTOR: He's caught a blow to the head. Hopefully no permanent damage, but you never can tell when it comes to the brain.
CLAUDIA: I can't believe someone with your talent decides not to use it.
DOCTOR: Hmm? Oh, technology can be a great thing, Claudia, but I've seen it go wrong far, far too many times. I just hope I haven't made a mistake, finishing Kindell's work for him.
CLAUDIA: Listen. It's worked.
DOCTOR: Ah. Come on.

TEVEZ: Not you. I get to stay. Not you. Stop! Stop! Pain! Oh, no more.
CLAUDIA: They're both Tevez.
DOCTOR: Help me separate them. Come on. Calm. Calm down. Calm down. It's over.
CLAUDIA: Why are they both Tevez?
DOCTOR: Hers was the only usable brain print I had to hand. She must have backed it up on her ship.
CLAUDIA: Oh, she would have done. Standard practice.
DOCTOR: I'd hoped to turn Marriott back into Marriott later, with data from your ship.
CLAUDIA: Oh, it might be a bit late for that. This one's been beaten up pretty badly.
DOCTOR: Oh, let me see. Oh, you're right. Her ribs are broken. I'm afraid there's a lot of damage.
CLAUDIA: Oh. Is she...?
DOCTOR: I'm afraid so.
TEVEZ: Is... is that... me?
DOCTOR: Yes.
TEVEZ: Then... who am I?

GABE: Oh. Ow. Oh.
CLAUDIA: How are you feeling?
GABE: Did it work? I can't remember anything.
DOCTOR: Yes, it worked.
GABE: Where's Marriott?
TEVEZ: Gone. The Doctor could only save me.
GABE: Oh. Well, he sort of brought it on himself, didn't he?
DOCTOR: To an extent. I found his holy grail for him, but I'm afraid I've erased every copy of it.
TEVEZ: No argument from me.
DOCTOR: Claudia?
CLAUDIA: Me neither. I'm going to stay here for a while, er, looking for any other copies of Kindell's stuff.
DOCTOR: What for?
CLAUDIA: To get rid of it. Make sure nobody else finds it.
DOCTOR: Now that's almost conscientious. Maybe you should get that seen to. Before you know it you'll be caring about things left, right and centre.
CLAUDIA: Hmm. Can I stay at your place, Gabe?
GABE: For a bit, but I'm quitting the business. I'm not cut out for it. It was Mum's game really.
DOCTOR: You should get some rest. You're concussed. Look after him while you're staying here, Claudia.
CLAUDIA: I will.
DOCTOR: I should get on my way.

TEVEZ: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Mmm hmm?
TEVEZ: What if, before all the changes, I was Marriott?
DOCTOR: What if you were?
TEVEZ: I just keep thinking about how I might have killed the real me back there.
DOCTOR: Ah, this is what happens when you meddle with identities. We're all fluid enough without imposing more changes. That was the point of your science, erasing the real you, and now I'm afraid you have to live with it.
TEVEZ: Mmm, I suppose.
DOCTOR: What will you do now?
TEVEZ: I don't know. I feel dislocated. I don't feel like I want my old life back.
DOCTOR: Then don't take it.
(Tardis door opens.)
TEVEZ: What do you think I should do?
DOCTOR: Oh, it's up to you. Just be yourself.

(Tardis door closes. The Tardis dematerialises.)

Urgent Calls, by Eddie Robson

A Big Finish Productions Dr Who Audio Drama, released Apr 2007

(Door opens and closes, footsteps, keys put down, telephone receiver picked up, rotary dial, ringing.)

LAUREN: Oh, hurry up, Mum. Pick it up.

DOCTOR [OC]: Hello?

(Sounds like traffic in the background.)

LAUREN: Oh. Hello. Who's this?

DOCTOR [OC]: Well, this is the Doctor.

LAUREN: You don't sound like you're at my mother's house.

DOCTOR [OC]: No, I'm not. I'm in a telephone box.

LAUREN: Oh. Sorry, I must have called a wrong number. That's strange. A wrong number just called me half an hour ago. You say you're in a phone box? What made you pick it up?

DOCTOR [OC]: I just walked past, the phone rang, there was nobody around, and I was rather intrigued.

LAUREN: Don't you get much intrigue in your life?

DOCTOR [OC]: Oh, on the contrary. Rather too much at times.

LAUREN: Hold on, did you say you're a doctor?

DOCTOR [OC]: Ah, er, yes, but I'm not really a

LAUREN: Maybe you can help. I'm feeling rather unwell. I was trying to ring my mother to ask her advice.

DOCTOR [OC]: Oh well, I'm not sure I

LAUREN: It's just that I feel awfully queasy. I can't keep anything down. I've had a headache all day, really bad. I've had to come home from work.

DOCTOR [OC]: Well, that just sounds like some kind of

LAUREN: And this is the really odd part. The skin around my fingernails is all broken and bleeding.

DOCTOR [OC]: Fingernails?

LAUREN: Yes.

DOCTOR [OC]: When did this start

LAUREN: Er, this morning.

DOCTOR [OC]: Then you've got to hurry. There may not be much time.

LAUREN: Should I go to a hospital?

DOCTOR [OC]: Absolutely. Right away. They won't diagnose it properly but do not let them tell you it's food poisoning or whatever they'll think it is. Don't leave until they've given you a thorough check-up.

LAUREN: Okay.

DOCTOR [OC]: Tell them to look particularly at your neck.

LAUREN: Neck?

DOCTOR [OC]: Yes. Kick up as much of a fuss as you have to. Do you understand?

LAUREN: Yes. Yes, I'll do that

DOCTOR [OC]: Well, what are you waiting for?

LAUREN: Right. Yes. Sorry.

DOCTOR [OC]: Don't apologise, just go.

LAUREN: Right. Bye.

DOCTOR [OC]: Good luck.

(Phone rings.)

DOCTOR [OC]: Hello?

LAUREN: Hello. Am I speaking to Mister Deacons?

DOCTOR [OC]: No.

LAUREN: Is Mister Deacons there?

DOCTOR [OC]: No, I think you've got a wrong number.

LAUREN: Oh. I'm terribly sorry.

DOCTOR [OC]: Oh, that's quite all right.

LAUREN: Wait a minute. I know you.

DOCTOR [OC]: I don't... Oh.

LAUREN: Yes. Yes, we've definitely talked before.

DOCTOR [OC]: The young lady I spoke to in the telephone box a couple of weeks ago?

LAUREN: Yes! Yes, that was me.

DOCTOR [OC]: Good heavens. I'm glad to hear you're alive and well. You are well? I gather you're alive.

LAUREN: Oh yes, I'm perfectly well, thanks to you. It was the strangest thing. I still can't quite believe it happened.

DOCTOR [OC]: What did happen?

LAUREN: I did what you said. I went straight to the hospital and got a check-up. It took an age to get seen,

and all that you'd said had put me into a bit of a panic.

DOCTOR [OC]: I'm sorry, but I felt I had to get across how serious it was.

LAUREN: Oh. Oh yes, I quite understand. Anyway, eventually I got seen and it was just like you said it would be. They thought it was probably something I ate or something like that, and they tried to make me go home.

DOCTOR [OC]: But you didn't let them.

LAUREN: No. I was begging them, saying I knew it was something else, waving my hands at them and telling them to explain what was happening with my fingernails. Then I cried. That seemed to do the trick. They agreed to see me properly.

DOCTOR [OC]: And then?

LAUREN: Well, actually, I should keep my voice down. I'm not supposed to talk about this bit.

DOCTOR [OC]: Where are you?

LAUREN: At work.

DOCTOR [OC]: What do you do?

LAUREN: I'm a telephone operator. But I'm in my booth. Nobody'll hear if I talk quietly. So, er, they looked at my neck and everyone went very quiet. At first they were getting more and more doctors to come in and look at it, then they started saying nobody was allowed to see me. I was on my own for a couple of hours. It was horrible. Then someone from the Army came in.

DOCTOR [OC]: Really? Who?

LAUREN: I didn't think to ask his name. Anyway, he probably wouldn't have told me if I had asked. He was with this other doctor who I hadn't seen before.

DOCTOR [OC]: Not a tall chap with white hair and rather flamboyant clothes?

LAUREN: No. He was short and bald, in his late thirties, I think, and he had a white coat on. Why? Did you think you might know him?

DOCTOR [OC]: Yes, but I don't. Never mind, carry on.

LAUREN: The doctor was very nice, very friendly, and told me he knew what he was doing and he was going to operate on me. And when I came round from the operation, the Army man made me sign some papers saying I wouldn't talk about it.

DOCTOR [OC]: The Official Secrets Act?

LAUREN: Yes. Yes, that sounds right.

DOCTOR [OC]: Then you shouldn't be telling me this. You could get into serious trouble.

LAUREN: Oh, it'll be all right.

DOCTOR [OC]: No, don't risk it. I can surmise the rest for myself. You don't need to tell me.

LAUREN: But I have to tell someone. I haven't been able to talk about it to anybody.

DOCTOR [OC]: Well, you don't seem concerned about prosecution from the British Government. What else is stopping you?

LAUREN: What do you mean, what else is stopping me? Everyone will think I'm... everyone will think I'm mad if I tell them. You're probably the only person I'll ever talk to who'll believe me, and now I've got in touch with you again I've got to tell you.

DOCTOR [OC]: Right. Yes.

LAUREN: Do you see now?

DOCTOR [OC]: Yes, yes. Carry on.

LAUREN: Er, where was I?

DOCTOR [OC]: You'd just signed the papers.

LAUREN: Oh yes. And the Army man had gone away. The doctor watched him go then he turned to me and he said, I'm not supposed to show you this but I think you deserve to see it. And he held up this little plastic tube, and inside it was... oh, I'm sorry. Now I'm saying it, it sounds really stupid.

DOCTOR [OC]: It won't sound stupid to me, I assure you.

LAUREN: Right. Well, it was a metal worm, or snake. About six inches long, but with little arms or legs all the way up and down it. I had no idea how it could have got there. He said it had been hugging onto my spine, and that's why I hadn't been well. If I hadn't had the operation, I'd have been dead inside a day.

DOCTOR [OC]: I'm glad you made it in time.

LAUREN: He asked why I'd been so insistent on being seen. I said I just knew there was something badly wrong with me. For a second I thought he didn't believe me, then he just said yes, sometimes that happens. Well, and then they let me go home. I felt really drained for a couple of days, then I was fine. As I say, I could hardly believe it had even happened. How did you know what was wrong with me, just from what I told you?

DOCTOR [OC]: Experience.

LAUREN: Was it... was it alien?

DOCTOR [OC]: Yes, it would have been.

LAUREN: And you've got experience of alien things.

DOCTOR [OC]: Yes.

LAUREN: Lucky for me. I'm so glad I've got the opportunity to thank you. I thought about thanking you so often. Fancy me ringing you again like this. What are the chances?

DOCTOR [OC]: Oh, I could probably work it out. Let's see. It's 1974, so how many telephones would there

be...

LAUREN: It's just a figure of speech. I don't really want to know the numbers, thanks. Massive coincidence, though.

DOCTOR [OC]: Suspiciously so. In fact, I even wonder if it *was* a coincidence.

LAUREN: What do you mean? I certainly didn't ring you on purpose. Are you saying it was fate?

DOCTOR [OC]: Oh no, no, I don't believe in fate, but

MAN [OC]: Oh, sorry.

DOCTOR [OC]: Listen, I should go. This isn't my phone.

LAUREN: What, again? Picking up other people's phones seems to be a compulsion with you.

DOCTOR [OC]: Well actually, it hardly ever happens. I was just waiting for somebody in his office, the phone on his desk started ringing. I thought I'd take a message.

MAN [OC]: Who is it?

DOCTOR [OC]: Oh, it's not for you. I've just realised I don't know your name.

LAUREN: My name's Lauren. Lauren Hudson. I don't know yours either, actually.

DOCTOR [OC]: I told you before. I'm the Doctor.

LAUREN: That's it? Just the Doctor?

DOCTOR [OC]: Just the Doctor.

LAUREN: How will I get in touch with you again? What's your number?

DOCTOR [OC]: I don't have a phone.

LAUREN: Where do you live?

DOCTOR [OC]: No fixed abode.

LAUREN: But I can't just say goodbye to you like this. I mean, you've saved my life.

DOCTOR [OC]: I'm glad you're all right, but I'm afraid I do have to go. Goodbye, Lauren.

(Call ends.)

LAUREN: Bye.

(Dialling. Phone ringing.)

DOCTOR [OC]: Hello.

LAUREN: Hello? Hang on. You're not Connie.

DOCTOR [OC]: No, I'm afraid not. Sorry.

LAUREN: Doctor?

DOCTOR [OC]: Hmm?

LAUREN: Is this you again?

DOCTOR [OC]: Lauren?

LAUREN: Yes, this is me.

DOCTOR [OC]: Ah ha. Excellent.

LAUREN: What do you mean, excellent? Last time it seemed you couldn't wait to see the back of me.

DOCTOR [OC]: Yes, I'm sorry about that, but I was... busy. And to be brutally honest, if I kept in touch with everybody whose life I'd saved, I'd never get anything done.

LAUREN: I suppose it's a bit like that when you're a doctor.

DOCTOR [OC]: Yes. Very much so, yes.

LAUREN: I can't believe I've called you again. This is getting really odd now.

DOCTOR [OC]: Odd? Yes. But it's not a coincidence.

LAUREN: What would you call it?

DOCTOR [OC]: Well, after we last spoke, I kept thinking about all the factors involved in those two calls. First, there was the fact that you called me twice accidentally. That's unlikely, but it could happen. But then there's also the fact that you were gravely ill, and I was one of the only people - probably in the world - who might have known what was wrong with you.

LAUREN: And then the second time happened after I'd been thinking about how I wanted to thank you.

DOCTOR [OC]: Yes. So both times you had a strong reason for wanting to speak to *me* specifically. And then factor in that two different telephones were involved, neither of which was mine.

LAUREN: Right. So what's that if not a coincidence?

DOCTOR [OC]: Ah ha. That's the clever part.

LAUREN: Oh, go on then, show off.

DOCTOR [OC]: It's a virus.

LAUREN: A virus?

DOCTOR [OC]: Mmm. Both times after I spoke to you, I called somebody else not long afterwards, which is unusual in itself because I rarely use telephones.

LAUREN: Why not?

DOCTOR [OC]: Oh, as I say, I don't have one. Anyway, I prefer to write letters.

LAUREN: I thought you had no fixed abode either.

DOCTOR [OC]: Can I get back to my point?

LAUREN: Yes. Yes, all right.

DOCTOR [OC]: My point was that I got wrong numbers too both times. Both of the people who answered were, as it happened, very useful leads in... in a strange matter I was looking into.

LAUREN: Strange matter? This is just normal for you, isn't it? You deal with things like this all the time, don't you?

DOCTOR [OC]: Not all the time. I take occasional holidays when I get the chance.

LAUREN: But strange matters is basically your job.

DOCTOR [OC]: It's more of a vocation.

LAUREN: So, what was this particular strange matter?

DOCTOR [OC]: Some people were spreading parasites, like the one you had in your neck. I saw what happened to the victims who weren't as lucky as you.

LAUREN: Oh? Do tell.

DOCTOR [OC]: If you hadn't got it out when you did, you'd have died. Then the parasite would have processed the raw material of your body into... Are you sure you want to hear this?

LAUREN: Against my better judgement, yes. I seem to have developed a certain morbid curiosity. For which I blame you.

DOCTOR [OC]: Well, over a matter of hours the other bodies transformed into sort of... well, slug creatures.

LAUREN: Urgh! Oh, you're joking.

DOCTOR [OC]: I'm afraid not. Anyway, I got to the bottom of it and stopped them. But I'm not sure I would have done without those wrong numbers. When I had time to think it over, I decided to run some tests on myself and found traces of a very, very sophisticated bio-engineered virus. I think it was transmitted by telephone. Now when you

LAUREN: How can

DOCTOR [OC]: No, please, please, questions at the end. When you catch it, it causes you to make subconscious mistakes the next time you use a telephone. You dial a wrong number. But the virus also generates coincidences, so the person you call is someone you can help, or someone who can help you. Then that person catches the virus, and so on and so on, until it reaches the end of its lifespan. Engineered viruses usually have a limited lifespan, you see, for safety reasons.

LAUREN: Are you finished now?

DOCTOR [OC]: Oh, yes. Ask away.

LAUREN: Okay. First, how is that even possible? You can't catch a virus from someone by talking to them on the phone.

DOCTOR [OC]: No virus from Earth, no, but this is an engineered virus created by a technology far in advance of anything you can imagine.

LAUREN: But how can it be?

DOCTOR [OC]: Can you imagine how technology like that might work?

LAUREN: Well, no, but

DOCTOR [OC]: Well, there you are, then.

LAUREN: No. I mean, if it's not of this Earth, how did I catch it? What's it doing here?

DOCTOR [OC]: Oh. Oh, I see. I don't know. That's what I intend to find out. But there are any number of possible answers. Hopefully it just ended up here accidentally.

LAUREN: (laughs) What, it just fell out of a space rocket on its way past?

DOCTOR [OC]: Why are you laughing?

LAUREN: Oh, okay. So, it's alien.

DOCTOR [OC]: Yes. And it's impressively versatile. It's clearly adapted to the ways in which humans communicate.

LAUREN: So how long have you known there were aliens?

DOCTOR [OC]: Since I was very young.

LAUREN: Well, I'm still getting used to it. I have been thinking a lot about aliens since I got ill last month. I never really thought about them before.

DOCTOR [OC]: And what do you think now?

LAUREN: I don't know. I just know that they're out there, and it's strange just knowing that, and it's strange that some other people know they're out there but they don't talk about it. It'll just pop into my head during an ordinary dull moment, that alien things might be happening just across the road and most people don't know about it and go on as normal.

DOCTOR [OC]: That is more or less what happens.

LAUREN: Sometimes somebody will be talking to me at work, and I'll just want to tell them, forget about that. There are aliens out there. Let's talk about that.

DOCTOR [OC]: Some people do find it hard to go back. I shouldn't think you ever see things in quite the same way again.

LAUREN: Mmm. I get more... bored... than I did before.

DOCTOR [OC]: I'm sorry to hear that.

LAUREN: Oh, it's not your fault. You didn't put a metal worm in my neck.

DOCTOR [OC]: Would you like to help me find out where this virus comes from? I'm fairly sure it's still being

emitted from some source somewhere, and I'd like to track it down.

LAUREN: Yes. Yes, yes, I would, actually. What do I have to do?

DOCTOR [OC]: Just make a note of all the wrong numbers you get from now on. Who they are and what their number is.

LAUREN: All right. Well, I'll ask. You realise they may not want to give it to me.

DOCTOR [OC]: Well, just try. I want to trace this back to the source, and the only way to do that is to follow the chain.

LAUREN: I'll do my best. I should go, though. I'm on my way out. I was trying to call my friend Connie. She'll be wondering why I haven't. Do you want my number?

DOCTOR [OC]: No. Let's just let the virus do its work. I'm sure we'll speak again.

LAUREN: All right. Goodbye for now.

DOCTOR [OC]: Goodbye for now.

LAUREN: Connecting now to 315269. Hello, Operator?

DOCTOR [OC]: Lauren?

LAUREN: Oh! Hello, Doctor.

DOCTOR [OC]: This isn't good.

LAUREN: What do you mean?

DOCTOR [OC]: Until now, all the calls have gone from you to me. Now they're going the other way, too.

LAUREN: And that's bad?

DOCTOR [OC]: Well, yes. I was hoping the virus was following a broadly similar path each time. Now it's criss-crossing, which means it's spreading.

LAUREN: Actually, yes. I called a wrong number yesterday, and it was the first I've called in ages that didn't put me through to you. I thought maybe it was just an ordinary wrong number, but the girl I talked to works at the women's wear in Lewis's and tipped me off about a sale starting today, which I went to and got such a gorgeous dress. I mean, it's a little bit last year, but...

DOCTOR [OC]: Yeah, yeah. So it was part of the pattern. Yes. Did you note down the call before it?

LAUREN: Yes. Yes, I did. Hold on, it's on a bit of paper in my handbag. Er, the chap was called Malcolm Taylor. His number is Chieveley Hill 4732.

(The Doctor has been repeating this softly as she spoke.)

LAUREN: And I was able to tell him what the song he had stuck in his head for two days was. He said he'd had a few strange wrong numbers recently too to he was happy to help. Maybe a bit too happy, if you get my meaning.

DOCTOR [OC]: I'm not sure I do.

LAUREN: Bit of an odd bod.

DOCTOR [OC]: Ah.

LAUREN: Started coming up with elaborate theories about what might be causing it. All wrong, as it happens, but I didn't have the heart to tell him. Maybe you should try not to encourage him too much, though.

DOCTOR [OC]: I'll bear that in mind. I'll call him now. Thank you.

LAUREN: You really don't go in for small talk, do you?

DOCTOR [OC]: Well, I er...

LAUREN: Just asking how are you at some point wouldn't go amiss, you know.

DOCTOR [OC]: I'm sorry, but this could be important.

LAUREN: Oh. And that absolves you from having to bother with basic social pleasantries, does it?

DOCTOR [OC]: I need to find people who can help me track this virus back as quickly as possible.

LAUREN: Did it occur to you that people might be more willing to help if you were a bit nicer to them?

DOCTOR [OC]: Ah. Hmm.

LAUREN: I've got a point, haven't I?

DOCTOR [OC]: You may.

LAUREN: Right. Well, since you asked, I'm feeling a bit out of sorts, actually.

DOCTOR [OC]: Oh?

LAUREN: Yes. Just feel like perhaps I need a change of scene.

DOCTOR [OC]: Ah. That usually works for me. In fact, I do it constantly.

LAUREN: I need to move on, I think. This job wasn't meant to be a permanent arrangement. I shouldn't say that too loud. Some of these have been here for years and they get offended if I go on about wanting to do something else with my life, as if this should be good enough.

DOCTOR [OC]: It's a very necessary job.

LAUREN: I know. I know.

DOCTOR [OC]: At least, it is at the moment.

LAUREN: Yes, and somebody's got to do it, why not me? But I'm still not satisfied.

DOCTOR [OC]: So, what do you want to do?

LAUREN: I want to be an actress, but I've not really had the breaks so far. Wish this virus would bring me a little luck with that.

DOCTOR [OC]: I'm a great believer in luck, and I find the harder I work, the more I have of it.

LAUREN: Do you?

DOCTOR [OC]: Well, I'm quoting Thomas Jefferson, but I think it's very true. You could be waiting a long time for your luck to change.

LAUREN: Oh, point taken.

DOCTOR [OC]: May I go now?

LAUREN: Yes, make your call. I suppose I'm going to ring a wrong number now. May as well get it over with. Oh, good luck.

DOCTOR [OC]: Thank you.

DJ: That was Blue Starlight by Steve Silver. You're listening to County 6371, and we've had a lot of calls on today's phone-in quiz, which is no surprise because it's a whopper. Yes, to mark our first fabulous day on the air we're giving away a fantastic holiday for two in Marbella, courtesy of our friends at Talbot Travel, with flights, hotel and meals all paid for, plus twenty pounds spending money. Sound good? It should. This is the biggest prize given away on British radio ever! And it could go to our next caller. Who's on line number 3?

LAUREN [OC]: Oh, er, this is Lauren.

DJ: Hi, Lauren! What's your answer?

LAUREN [OC]: Actually, I seem to have rung up by mistake.

DJ: Oh, wow!

LAUREN [OC]: Yes, I got the wrong number.

DJ: So you haven't been listening in?

LAUREN [OC]: Er, no. I'm a telephone operator. They don't let us have the radio on at work.

DJ: Well, you've missed a great first show. 'Ere, what do you think? Shall we let her have a go anyway?

Okay, yeah. Lauren, would you like to try and answer the question?

LAUREN [OC]: I might as well, I suppose. Could you repeat it, please?

DJ: I was just about to. It's a tough one, because we didn't want to give away a top prize like this one too easily. But you never know.

LAUREN [OC]: Yes.

DJ: Okay, Lauren. Which historical figure does the following quote come from? I'm a great believer in luck, and I find the harder I work, the more I have of it.

LAUREN [OC]: (laughs)

(Telephone rings. Party in background.)

CONNIE: Hello?

DOCTOR [OC]: Oh no, I knew this would happen.

CONNIE: Pardon?

DOCTOR [OC]: Who am I speaking to, please?

CONNIE: Connie Pickerill.

DOCTOR [OC]: Connie? Why do I know that name?

CONNIE: Because you just phoned my house?

DOCTOR [OC]: Oh yes, of course. Is Lauren there?

CONNIE: Yes. No, hold on. Who is this?

DOCTOR [OC]: Tell her it's the Doctor.

CONNIE: Yes, all right. (distant) Lauren? There's this weird guy on the phone for you.

(Door closes.)

LAUREN: Hello, Doctor.

DOCTOR [OC]: Lauren, this is a disaster.

LAUREN: Oh thanks.

DOCTOR [OC]: No, it's important. I'm in jail!

LAUREN: Jail? Oh no. Are you all right?

DOCTOR [OC]: Yes, yes, I'm fine. Don't worry, this sort of thing happens to me all the time.

LAUREN: How did this happen?

DOCTOR [OC]: There was a misunderstanding.

LAUREN: What exactly was misunderstood?

DOCTOR [OC]: Er, I was... arrested for trespassing.

LAUREN: Ah. And they misunderstood that you actually had permission to go wherever you'd gone.

DOCTOR [OC]: Not exactly. But it was important. I was trying to trace the chain back

LAUREN: And you scared the wits out of some poor soul by turning up on their doorstep rambling about alien viruses.

DOCTOR [OC]: Not exactly.

LAUREN: Am I close?

DOCTOR [OC]: Fairly. But I should be able to sort this out tonight. I just need a good solicitor.

LAUREN: Do you know a good solicitor?

DOCTOR [OC]: That's what I was trying to do. I've only got one call, and I was trying to get on to someone who could engage one for me, but I don't have any money.

LAUREN: Oh, if my mother knew I was getting calls from strange penniless men in jail, she'd have a fit, you know.

DOCTOR [OC]: Please, this is serious.

LAUREN: Oh, relax. Now how long would you need this solicitor for?

DOCTOR [OC]: I only need the money up front for a day. Just to bring him down here. But I can't ask you...

LAUREN: Don't worry, I can afford it. I just won a holiday thanks to you. It's the least I can do.

DOCTOR [OC]: Oh. Well, if you're sure.

LAUREN: It's not a problem. I'll call someone in the morning. Where are you?

DOCTOR [OC]: Green Street Police Station. I gave my name as Doctor John Smith.

LAUREN: Ah ha. I could come down there and try and bail you out, if you like?

DOCTOR [OC]: No, no, just arranging the solicitor will be wonderful. I'll be fine. So, er, how are you?

LAUREN: Oh, you remembered. Well done. I'm slightly happier and looking forward to my holiday. I would ask you to come with me, since it was you who helped me win it, but I... I know that seems a bit weird.

DOCTOR [OC]: Oh, I fully understand. Don't worry about me. I can go on holiday anywhere I like.

LAUREN: So I'm taking Connie. We're celebrating now. How about you?

DOCTOR [OC]: Oh, contrary to appearances, it's actually going rather well, which is why I'm keen to get out of here before the trail goes cold.

LAUREN: Ah. Sleep well.

DOCTOR [OC]: Thank you.

DOCTOR [OC]: Hello?

LAUREN: Doctor? It went all right with the solicitor, then?

DOCTOR [OC]: Yes. He was excellent. I'll pay you back.

LAUREN: Oh, I've told you, there's no need. Cost me my share of the holiday spending money, but I'm not going to begrudge you that. I'll just have to take my own spending money. How are you getting on?

DOCTOR [OC]: I think I'm close. I'm triangulating a centre to all this activity, and I've narrowed it down to a few likely locations. Did you get the name and number of your last call?

LAUREN: Oh, yes. Her name was Julie Nicholls, and her number was Hanfield Grove 5283. We went to school together, and lost touch years ago. It was nice to hear from her. Although she's more successful than me, which is a bit annoying.

DOCTOR [OC]: Thank you.

LAUREN: You know, Doctor, I was thinking. Should we really be trying to get rid of this thing? The virus, I mean.

DOCTOR [OC]: Oh yes, of course.

LAUREN: But it's done a lot of good, hasn't it? I mean, it hasn't brought me anything bad. I won a holiday, found an old friend, had my life saved.

DOCTOR [OC]: I know. I think we can count ourselves very lucky.

LAUREN: Why?

DOCTOR [OC]: The technology was undoubtedly developed for other uses. It's a sad fact, but all the best technology's made with military applications in mind. This one was probably intended for use by sleeper agents in enemy territory, enabling them to contact each other without carrying incriminating contact details. They randomly get put in touch with precisely the people who can help them.

LAUREN: I suppose so.

DOCTOR [OC]: And that could have positive or negative applications, you see.

LAUREN: But isn't that true of everything?

DOCTOR [OC]: Well... yes. But, and I don't mean any offence by this, I make it my policy not to let cultures keep technology that's more advanced than they can handle.

LAUREN: No offence taken. I mean, I sometimes wonder if we can handle what we have got.

DOCTOR [OC]: Quite. And imagine if the virus was adapted, made deadly. You could assassinate somebody just by phoning them up.

LAUREN: I didn't think of that.

DOCTOR [OC]: And even if the virus kept being a positive thing, is that how you want to live? I know it saved your life, and I'm very glad, but beyond that, would you want everything to be dropped in your lap? Wouldn't you rather know you'd worked for it and deserved it? How would you feel if you saw someone else getting all that luck, hmm?

LAUREN: I suppose.

DOCTOR [OC]: Humans prefer a universe that operates on clear cause and effect. Anything else feels unsettling, unsatisfying, after a while.

LAUREN: Doctor, you talk like you're alien. Are you?

DOCTOR [OC]: Yes.

LAUREN: You don't sound like one.

DOCTOR [OC]: No, I know. I don't look like one, either.

LAUREN: More advanced than us?

DOCTOR [OC]: Well, I don't like to boast but... yes.

LAUREN: And this is what you do? Make sure people like us don't get our hands on things we shouldn't?

DOCTOR [OC]: It's one of the things I do.

LAUREN: What else do you do?

DOCTOR [OC]: Whatever I think is right.

LAUREN: You must make some pretty big decisions.

DOCTOR [OC]: Yes.

LAUREN: Can't be easy, doing that.

DOCTOR [OC]: No. But I do my best. I should go.

LAUREN: Yes. Yes, of course. Sorry. Speak to you soon, Doctor.

DOCTOR [OC]: Goodbye, Lauren.

CONNIE [OC]: Hello?

LAUREN: Oh. Sorry, Connie, it's Lauren.

CONNIE [OC]: Oh, hiya. What's up?

LAUREN: I don't know. I just got called by a wrong number, so I thought I'd try and make a call. I rang the first number that came into my head. I was hoping it'd be somebody else.

CONNIE [OC]: Charming. So let me get this right. You called me because it was the first number that came into your head

LAUREN: Oh, forget it. Are we still on for Friday night?

CONNIE [OC]: Yes, as long as you're not going to ramble on like this.

LAUREN: See you then. Bye.

CONNIE [OC]: Oh, all right. Bye.

LAUREN: (writing) Dear Doctor. I remember you saying you preferred letters to phone calls, so I've decided to write, even though I don't know your address. I think I'm just going to write your name on the envelope and put it in the post. Maybe it's silly of me to think you might get it, but I've been waiting for you to call, or to get you on the phone when I don't expect it, and it hasn't happened. I just want to know, did you find the virus? Where was it? What happened? Was it an accident, or was someone spreading it on purpose? I suppose the fact that I haven't heard from you means you found it and put a stop to it. If I'd heard from you, it would probably mean you'd failed. So I keep telling myself it's a good thing I haven't heard from you, but I still want to know. I worry that you didn't manage it and something happened to you. As for me, I'm working harder and getting luckier. Working helps stop me from thinking about all the things I've known about ever since I called you that night. It's not that I don't want to, it's just that if I let myself, I get completely preoccupied with it. Oh, the only other thing I wanted to tell you is, you were right. If it was all just luck, it wouldn't mean anything. Please get in touch. Love, Lauren.